

A Love Marriage

The Romance of Pretty Nellie Duncan and Her Aristocratic Employer.

WON BY A FACTORY GIRL'S FAIR FACE

It All Began with Harold Remitting a Fine Imposed by the Foreman.

BY PHIL PERCE.

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HAROLD TINKER, the young man of the great Tinker works, paused in his inspecting tour, his attention riveted by an incident being enacted before his eyes.

"You, there, you started your machine about throwing the lever and jerked every machine in the room. How many times have I got to tell you about throwing the lever?" It was the shrill voice of the foreman that spoke, and in no gentle tones.

"A beg your pardon, sir, I did throw the lever." The voice was soft and musical—surely not that of a factory girl.

Tinker glanced that way. He saw a face lifted steadily toward the reel and threatening visage of the foreman, a pathetic face, it seemed to him, with the unmistakable marks of inherited culture and intelligence upon it.

There was a slight flush on the cheeks and a sparkle in the tired brown eyes, and the poise of the head was queenly.

Tinker found himself distinctly interested.

"Come now, none of your insolence, nor

over the splendid record the son had made and the position he held among men of affairs; here was he, a petted favorite of society, received with open arms in the most exclusive circles, and falling in love with a factory girl—for that was what it meant, and Tinker was too keen a thinker not to realize the drift of his mind.

He made some inquiries regarding the girl and found that her father and his people before him had been simply mechanics and mill hands, and that she was very poor and the sole support of her widowed mother.

There was a vague tradition to the effect that her maternal grandmother had been a lady and had deserted a luxurious home in order to marry into a plebeian family, but the Duncans had been workmen in the vicinity for three generations, and the girl was a Duncan—in name at least.

He found further that the girl's mother had made the greatest sacrifices to keep her from the factory until it became an absolute necessity, and that she had been given all the education

NELLIE ACCEPTS HIM.



TINKER THOUGHT HE NEVER HAD LIVED BEFORE, AS HE HELD THE CLINGING FORM OF NELLIE DUNCAN IN HIS ARMS.

her high-fluted airs, my pretty lady, for I won't stand for it. I saw you start the machine and it nearly jerked the shafting loose. You didn't throw the lever, and I'll just fine you two days' pay for it, just so's to make you more careful."

An expression of pain shot across a face of the girl.

The pride and defiance died from her features.

"Please, sir, I did not intend to be insolent, only to tell the truth—and, indeed, I cannot afford to be fined, indeed, I cannot. It means so much to me, sir, not to be in the things we have to have. Please, sir, I will not forget and talk back again, indeed I won't—I thought it was unjust—and I spoke without thinking—please, sir, not the fine."

The whole shop was standing on tiptoe listening.

Work had almost entirely ceased. Hanging down the line of machines Tinker saw a girl in the far end quietly shift the lever back of her machine.

This foreman looked about with an air of conscious power and pride.

"It is your business to remember," he replied, roughly, "and the fine goes as a matter of discipline. Next time try to remember your place and don't come the high and mighty over me; and if you say a word I'll make it a week's lay off. Here, all of you, get to work quick, or there'll be more trouble."

Instantly the hum of industry resumed, accompanied by the buzz of gossip.

Tinker stepped toward the foreman and said in a quiet voice, which was, nevertheless, heard in the furthest corners of the room:

"O'Brien, you will remit the fine, if you please—and O'Brien, I am sorry to see such lax discipline in your department. The entire force is demoralized by such scenes—especially when your decision is unjust. Have I not told you that there are other ways to enforce discipline than by scenes which upset the entire room. Don't let me see anything like this again. And O'Brien, if you want to find the girl who started her machine without first throwing the lever interview the girl at No. 37."

Tinker resumed his inspection strangely perturbed.

On his tour of inspection the following day he paused long behind her machine and asked her many questions.

He was surprised to find her mind so open and self-poised—and, withal, so well stored with information and so wise with ideas.

All that day, also, the pretty face of the factory girl haunted him. He became very much annoyed with himself.

Here he was, Harold Tinker, head of the great Tinker works—a position, fairly won by his own energy and ability; dearest to his wealth and the fact that he was a nephew of the man who founded the business.

There he was, the heir to the name and fortune of his proud sire, whose mind had been ruffled nearly to distraction at the very idea of the son going into business, even under the auspices of his own father, but who was now proud enough

possible and always taught that she was a lady by inheritance.

All these things seemed to be militating against the love of Harold Tinker, but when he thought of his proud father and the aristocratic mother he quailed, strong and dominating man that he was, at suggesting an alliance with a factory girl.

But he was an independent fellow, was Harold Tinker, despite birth and breeding, and as the days and weeks passed his heart became more and more set on the pink-cheeked little lady he saw every day in the great room on the third floor or as she went to and fro to her work.

"I cannot live along in this manner," he said to himself. "It is undermining my self-respect and sapping my business acumen. I must fish or cut bait. I know it will raise a great row, but I see no way to go along and be half-way contented without this girl. My people before me determined their lives and carved out their own happiness and careers—and blamed if I don't do the same."

So deliberately he betook himself to the humble home of Nellie Duncan one evening and laid the case before her.

She was too smart a little lady not to see very quickly that the eyes of the young manager long before, and she had realized that he admired her greatly, and the factory girl is simply justified in being afraid when the eyes of the high official are set upon her in admiration—and Nellie had been well brought up.

It was really a most romantic little episode—that at which Harold Tinker offered his life and fortune at the feet of a very plain girl.

It must be considered the factory girl was of good enough blood to be afraid of being a social disgrace.

And it all ended most orthodoxly, so far as the proposal was concerned, and Tinker thought he never had lived before as he held the clinging form of Nellie Duncan in his arms.

Then came the real trouble. The aristocratic father and the patrician mother went into all kinds of hysterics and threatened to disinherit the young man.

Moreover, the stockholders of the Tinker works—all of them—refused to meet and decided that if the headstrong young man persisted in his foolish course that he should be deposed as manager and cast adrift.

Harold's action so amused and incensed his father that he resigned forthwith and accepted tentatively a position as assistant manager of a rival concern.

Then the family all of whose social functions were derived from the Tinker Works, and who were all of them, as it were, better to tolerate Harold than to lose him, as manager of the factory, but to tabo both him and his low-born wife socially.

Harold had become angry by this time and moreover he knew his power. "I will come back," said he, "providing my parents have my wife as their daughter and give me proper social functions to prove it—and, moreover, I will follow suit and make my wife an essential part of the society to which we all belong."

And you are at liberty to run the works to suit yourselves."

Well, as you see, there is all there is to it.

It would be futile to indicate the course pursued by the family—all of whom liked to see the butter on their bread.

It might be added that they lived happy ever afterward.

THIRD ARTICLE OF SERIES.

HOW TO READ YOUR SWEETHEART'S FACE.

BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

IN THE EYES LIES THE SOUL.



"In the eye there lies the heart"—or so an old song runs. My personal opinion is that except in very rare instances, and on still rarer occasions, the human eye is the one feature that oftenest conceals the heart's real emotions.

We are all actors, and we are obliged to conceal a real emotion by the assumption of another.

I don't mean by this that it is necessary for you or me to practise lying or deceit—but in this world of much to do it would very much conflict with the running of the machinery of active life if we all reflected the state of our personal affairs by the expression of our faces.

The eyes can look anything—express any emotion—and the facial capacity for concealing or evading is largely in the muscular control of the eye.

An old Chinese proverb runs: "Show me a man's eyes and I will tell you what he might have been. Let me look at his mouth and I will tell you what he has been."

And it is true that the mouth gives a more accurate key to the emotions and is less under control than the eyes.

It is never fair to judge of a face by any one feature.

It is as a whole a face must be judged, and it should not be forgotten that a strong, fine feature will balance a weak one.

When you classify your best girl's eyes the first point to consider is the size.

Large eyes in women are considered essential to beauty.

Every writer describing a beautiful face dwells upon the large, lustrous eyes. The painter seeks a large-eyed model to typify beauty.

The actress makes her eyes up for the stage, increasing their size by the cunning use of cosmetics which are always designed to make the eye appear larger

and more beautiful than it naturally would.

Women with round, wide, bright open eyes are usually of a lively, quick disposition, energetic and always busy about something.

When the eyes are full, rather prominent, and move freely in the sockets the subject is sure to have an excellent memory and usually is what is called a good talker.

Such women make fine business associates—they are loyal in love, but the woman with these eyes must choose a man her equal in intellect and resource or she will find herself unable to regard him with sentimental fondness.

The best woman in the world makes often a great mistake in her choice of a husband, or rather in accepting the offer of a man who chooses her for a partner in a matrimonial alliance. All women idealize men, or try to.

The woman with the large, full eyes will be constant, loyal and loving until she finds she is mistaken in the man.

She cannot love what is unlovable or unadmirable. The man who selects a woman with these eyes (which are not to be confounded with projecting eyes, which denote superficiality and thoughtlessness) would do well to take an account of his own characteristics, and make sure he is qualified to retain the respect and admiration of a clever woman. If he cheats her she will find it out, and then the chances are she will decline to keep up the appearance of a marriage which is not a union but a disunion of two persons.

Full eyes, when deep seated, indicate a reflective mind. Their possessors think much, say little and write with great care.

The most beautiful eyes, artistically viewed, have rather a long than a round opening.

Children have large round eyes, which grow narrower with the experience of years. Where the eye remains round the character is apt to be very child like.

The intuitive eye is large and full, often very slightly convexed. The eyebrows are set low, and often noticeably project.

"Long, almond-shaped eyes," says a recent writer, "with thick-skinned eyelids that cover half the pupil, are indicative of genius when they are found in conjunction with a brow which is full over the eyebrows, and which has one deep perpendicular line between the eyebrows. I have frequently noticed this combination in the face of distinguished literary men and artists."

The sentimental eye is rather long and looks unutterably at the eye, when with very sentimental eyes is, when

young, prone to exaggeration and lives, as we say, in the clouds, but she learns to be practical with time and experience.

The trustful eye is round, serious and wide open. If you want a child-wife, a pet, rather than a helpmate, the round-eyed little girl will suit you.

The pleading eye has a fullness above, which shows a gift for language.

This is also the coquettish eye, and works sad havoc with the heart of man.

The modest eye has a downward look, which is caused by a drooping of the upper eyelid. It is indicative of a retiring nature and a self-deprecatory tendency. Women with these eyes are often very pious and never aggressive.

They make the gentlest of wives, but are generally ruled by both husband and children and are poor managers of a home.

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form of forehead, always means a susceptible, impressionable nature. Eyes which are large, open and very transparent, and which sparkle with a rapid motion under well-defined eyelids, denote elegance in taste, somewhat susceptible temper, and great interest in the opposite sex. Eyes with weakly marked eyebrows above them, and with thin growing eyelashes which are quite without any upward curve, denote a feeble constitution and a melancholy temperament.

Deep sunken and small blue eyes, under a bony, almost perpendicular forehead, are indicative of selfish and cold-hearted natures. Eyes which show not only the whole iris but also some of the white both above and below it, denote a restless and uncertain nature, incapable of repose or concentrated thought on any subject. The eyes of a voluntary move slowly under heavy lids. Round shaped eyes are never seen in the face of a highly intelligent person, but they denote a kindly, truthful and innocent nature. Eyes which, when seen in profile, are so protuberant as to run almost parallel with the profile of the nose, show a weak organization of body and mind.

Eyes of rather close penetration but close together, denote cunning and an

untruthful disposition. Eyes rather far apart show an honest and guileless nature. When, however, the eyes are very far apart, they denote stupidity. Eyes with sharply defined angles, sinking at the corners, show stupidity of mind; the sharper the angle and the more it sinks, the greater the stupidity of perception it denotes, but when very much developed it shows craftiness, amounting to deceit. Well-opened eyes, with smooth eyelids and steady, somewhat fixed glance, denote asceticism. Lines running along the eyelids from side to side and passing out upon the temples, denote habitual laughter—a cheerful temperament, or at any rate, one in which the sense of fun is strong.

As to the significance of the color of the eyes I am rather sceptical. The best authorities say that dark eyes indicate power, and light, delicacy.

There are four kinds of black eyes. The shining eyes, that look like shoe-buckles, hard and crackling; the glowing, passionate, smoldering eye; the soft, languorous, sleepy eye, and the large, solemn, beautiful, black eye, full of thought and sentiment.

The first may be the eye of a beauty and a belle, but the woman with this eye will not break her heart over any man. The glowing eye is dangerous, because the woman who has these eyes is apt to give way to unscrupulous flits of rage. The third is purely of a voluptuous type. The fourth is the most beautiful, and typifies a strong, loving and generous nature.

Brown eyes are said to be most loyal. Blue eyes fascinating, but inconstant, and gray eyes indicate shrewdness and talent. It is the opinion of some authorities that gray eyes have better heads than blue—but the calm, clear gray-eyed woman is conscientious and compassionate. She is unimpassioned in love and means much more than she says, while the blue-eyed woman means less than she says, and the gray-eyed woman means more than she means. Please remember these are the opinions of renowned authorities. My humble conviction is that the form and expression, not the color, tells the story of the eyes.

Mrs. Ayer's next article, which will appear on Monday, will treat of the mouth.

Questions and Answers.

1883, 6,537 Feet.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What year was the Brooklyn Bridge opened? What is its extreme length?

E. S. J.

Andrew Johnson.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Who was the seventeenth President of this country?

MARK M.

John and Walter Butler.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Who were the men who enlisted Indians as allies against the colonists in the Revolution?

HISTORIC.

Hale Versus Andre.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Reading the sensible letter about Benedict Arnold reminds me that there is another revolutionary character which history (as taught in the schools) rather discounts. I mean Major Andre. Andre was hanged for doing far less in the matter of spying than did Nathan Hale. Yet Hale is a martyr while Andre receives little or no honor from us. Is this "American Fair Play?"

T. VON RUYTER.

In "The Silver King," by Wilson Barrett.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read or heard once a speech that was like this: "Oh, God! set back thy universe and give me yesterday." Is it in the Bible? If not, where?

(Mrs.) MARIE V. BAUER.

It Has Never Been Decided.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Which is proper to say: "Eat soup" or "Drink soup?"

R. L.

There are there in pugilism (as "middle," "welter," "heavy," &c.)?

AMATEUR.

\$7,200,000. In 1867.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What was the cost of buying Alaska, and when did we buy it?

JOHN GARCIA, Jr.

1890—Laws of 1890, Chap. 112.

To the Editor of The Evening World: When was the law passed in this State giving each town and village local option over the license question? Also what part of the statute book is it in?

TEMPLAR.

The Water-Cart's Object.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Perhaps "Louise," who complains of water-carts, has not noticed that the main object of Fifth Avenue water-carts may be to clean the streets, not merely to lay dust. Oh! Woman!

A. W.

33-1-3 Per Cent.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A man sells an article for \$4, thereby making a profit of \$1. What per cent. profit does he make by the transaction?

C. R.

U. S. 16-inch Breech-Loading "Rifle Gun."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Have the various tests of guns, rifles, &c., ever yet decided what is the power-fullest gun yet made for army use? Is it the Maxim, the Krupp or what? NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.

The Latter Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please let me know if "London" is pronounced the way it is spelled: "London" or is it correct to pronounce it: "Lun-don?"

A. C. R.

I would like to know where to find the names of the United States Ambassadors of different countries.

H. M. THASIMAN, Troy, N. Y.

Straw Hat Season June 15 to Sept. 15.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wrote once before and I must have missed the answer. A bet B that the season for straw hats this year did not open on June 1. B bet that it did.

J. E. S.

Another Big Sunflower.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Having read your statement in The Evening World in regard to the largest sunflower I write you that I have grown a sunflower thirteen inches in diameter.

FRANK ZAJAN, No. 147 Essex street, Brooklyn.

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